

# The TATTLER

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# THE TATLER

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Admiral Sir Bruce Austin Fraser, K.B.E., C.B.

Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser, who recently succeeded Admiral Sir John Tovey as C.-in-C. the Home Fleet, is known as one of the Navy's greatest experts in air-sea strategy. He is 55, the Navy's greatest gunner and an aircraft carrier expert. As Director of Naval Ordnance he planned the guns of the Battle Fleet he now commands—the 14-inchers of the King George V class. He was fleet gunnery officer in Warspite and Queen Elizabeth, captain of the aircraft carrier Glorious, and flag-captain and gunnery officer to the Rear-Admiral commanding aircraft carriers. Most recently he has been acting as Admiral Tovey's second-in-command. The ships now under Admiral Fraser's command will keep watch in the North Sea, the Atlantic and the Arctic. They will match their skill and vigilance against the enemy ships of the German High Seas Fleet





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Retreat

**R**OMMEL's retreat will also take its place in history. At the time of writing he has retreated for more than 1,600 miles across rough country and at a speed never before equalled. All the time the British forces have pressed him hard, but on the whole it has been an orderly and well-organised retreat. For this Rommel deserves credit. It will be for military historians to decide whether he could, or should, have stood at any point and have defied the blows of his enemies. Whatever their decision, in face of the facts as we now see them, forlorn facts for the famed Afrika Korps, it has been a remarkable performance, a feat requiring calm decision and enduring courage. As the battle of Africa reaches its climax, the ferocity of fighter and bomber air attacks becomes unprecedented, something greater than the Germans ever organised themselves at any time. Correspondents at the front describe Rommel's men as blitz-drunk, punch-drunk. The drive which will force the Axis out of Africa is remorseless in its intensity.

## Revenge

**T**HUS we see history balancing itself, and the men who were forced out of France after a long and relentless retreat, taking their revenge. General Alexander was in that retreat. He was the last man to leave the beach at Dunkirk. The question arises, can

Rommel organise a Dunkirk for his men or will he be compelled to make a stand as at Stalingrad, where Hitler ordered the German Sixth Army to fight to the last man? Rommel can retreat to the mountains around Bizerta and Tunis and find natural fortresses there. But he is a general who believes in movement. As he retreats at this moment he knows that other armies are waiting to envelop him. In the mountains he might find temporary sanctuary, but can he find food and ammunition? Can he mobilise sufficient armour and, above all, can he protect himself from Tedder's blazing air carpet which darts like flaming death from the skies?

## Jealousy

**R**OMMEL has always been the Nazi's favourite general and up to this point he has justified their faith. He nearly brought off the Nazi's biggest gamble. He was in sight of Suez and the Nile Valley, Cairo and Alexandria were almost within his grasp. How near he was to his prize only General Auchinleck knows. But he failed. While he was successful, however, Rommel did not make himself popular with the German General Staff. It will be interesting to see now what happens to Rommel. If Hitler is still the supreme director of the German military machine, it is conceivable that he will wish to save his favourite general. Therefore there might be some substance in the report that Mussolini



*An Allied Handshake*

*General Sir Harold Alexander, C.-in-C. under General Eisenhower, recently received and conferred with General Giraud at his headquarters in North Africa. General Giraud is High Commissioner in French North Africa*

has been asked to agree to the appointment of Rommel as Commander-in-Chief of the Southern defence area, which is to include Italy and Southern France. If the German generals have taken over from Hitler, one can imagine Keitel ordering Rommel to fight to the last and not to think of his own escape. In other words, to prove himself a good German general. And we must not, even at this stage of the battle, imagine that Rommel has not any tricks left, or that all his endurance is ended. As the Prime Minister would say, until the last shot is fired the battle is not won.

## Advance

**I**T is interesting all the same to speculate on the future as we visualise Africa being freed. Obviously the United Nations cannot afford to rest on this success. They must as quickly as possible rain more and heavier blows on the Germans on a new front. When the Germans tell their people that North Africa is not important we can rest assured that they are preparing to defend themselves at every possible point. It is fortunate that Hitler's intuition has been sadly discredited. Otherwise he might be able to forecast where the next blow will come. I don't know where it will come, but I am sure that everything is planned and that Hitler is going to have a nasty surprise. The renewed air raids on Berlin are but a foretaste of worse to come. Hitler's shortage of aeroplanes is a factor which is interesting for speculation. The Germans have lost vast numbers of aircraft in Russia; they have not been able to compete with the R.A.F. in Africa, and so far there is no sign of large-scale retaliatory bombing on Britain. If it be true that Hitler is short of aircraft, the Battle of the Continent takes on a new appearance.

## Rapprochement

**S**UCCESS in Africa does not end all problems there, nor does it ease the immediate problem in France itself, but it must go a long way. There are definite signs, which are more encouraging than we have had before, that influences towards unity are getting to work



*An Anglo-American Conversation*

*Mr. Anthony Eden, Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Mr. Cordell Hull, U.S. Secretary of State, were photographed in conference during the former's recent stay in Washington. Mr. Eden, who made his headquarters at the British Embassy, spent a week-end at the White House, as a personal guest of President Roosevelt, before leaving for Canada, to stay at Government House, Ottawa*





### A C.-in-C. Visits His Troops

While making an extensive tour of units in the Middle East, where he is C.-in-C., General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson visited many of the men who took part in the Alamein battle, amongst them men of the Rifle Brigade, in which regiment he was originally commissioned. He inspected Tobruk docks and saw Free French troops. With him here is Lt.-Col. T. Pearson, D.S.O., Rifle Brigade, and another officer



### A Scots Guards Ceremony

The Duke of Gloucester recently inspected a tank battalion of the Scots Guards, of which regiment he is Colonel. He addressed the troops on parade, and took the salute at a march past, and above he is seen presenting pennants to troop leaders

from a new angle. For instance, it would not surprise me if Mr. Spellman does not do quite a lot to bring General Giraud and General de Gaulle to the point of real agreement. As Archbishop of New York, Mr. Spellman can carry weight with the American authorities. He has had a long talk with Mr. Churchill while in London. He also saw General de Gaulle. The prelate left behind with all those with whom he came into contact a good impression and one of practical common sense.

### Visiting

MR. SUMNER WELLES will come to London this summer to return Mr. Anthony Eden's visit to Washington. The invitation was, of course, issued first to Mr. Cordell Hull, but his health is not expected to allow him to make an Atlantic air crossing. Mr. Sumner Welles is Under-Secretary of State and has acquired much experience as Mr. Hull's deputy in charge of the State Department. It is the British Government's desire that Mr. Welles should spend some time in Whitehall and in contact with British Ministers as Mr. Eden has done in Washington. Mr. Sumner Welles is tall, thin and very reserved. He has made a long study of diplomacy and can be said to have formed the mould for future American diplomats.

### Home

It seems that Mr. Anthony Eden is an unlucky flier. He has had more than one unusual experience while travelling by air. Flying to Russia once, he had such a bumpy trip that his health suffered for a time. But his experience in Canada must take first place. Arriving at Ottawa, the airfield was so heavily covered in snow that the Foreign Secretary had to descend through the bomb doors of the Liberator and advance towards Mr. Mackenzie King, Canada's Prime Minister, on his hands and knees. Mr. Eden's reputation as the best-dressed and most personable British politician apparently triumphed even over this disability. Ottawa was Mr. Eden's last place of call before he

returned to London to report to the War Cabinet on his mission to Washington. All are agreed that Mr. Eden was highly successful and that closer understanding has been established with the United States as a result.

### Dictator

IN a world which has produced in our time such men as Churchill, Stalin, Roosevelt, Chiang Kai-shek, Hitler and Mussolini, it must be admitted that Gandhi cuts an odd figure. The Government White Paper shows to what lengths he was prepared to go to compel the British to quit India. Yet Gandhi must know what British rule has meant to India in terms of men and money. Britain has not only poured her wealth into India, but she has contributed the foremost brains at her command for the benefit of the people of India.

I agree with Mr. Attlee's description of Gandhi as a reputed saint acting as a dictator. On whose behalf has Mr. Gandhi been dictating to the Congress Party? By the reports in the White Paper, which describe the Congress Party's desire to protect property, it would seem that the dictation was directed not by saintliness but by the Bombay mill owners. They and the Congress Party imagined that in the dark days that are now past, they could seize power to depress still further all classes of Indians.

I repeat, Gandhi cuts an odd figure in the history of India with his professions of pacifism and saintliness. He must be aware of the policy of Japan and the utter ruthlessness of Japanese methods. Yet he seems to have been prepared to sacrifice the millions of India to their domination. What with his contacts with the capitalist mill-owners, and his pacifism which would have betrayed India, Gandhi, of all the prominent men of our time, does not seem to make any sort of sense. Thus the British Government's position becomes stronger each day, particularly after the renewal of their promise of independence if Indians will get together and agree among themselves.

### Justification

So great is Mr. Churchill's appreciation of Russia's resistance that he refuses to denounce the misleading use of the term Second Front. In the House of Commons he declared the other day: "I don't want to discourage its use because our good friends who are fighting so very hard know what they mean by it." But it was not what Mr. Churchill said so much as how he said it. His voice broke noticeably as he paid this tribute to the Russians.



### Lady Dill Visits a Factory

The wife of Field-Marshal Sir John Dill, head of the British Joint Staff Mission in Washington, visited the Boeing Aircraft plant in the U.S., and talked to Dolores Taylor, in the heat-treating department



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

## Hitchcock Goes Highbrow

## By James Agate

I AM afraid I shall never get into the habit of looking at the cinema cinematographically. After careful study of our highbrow critics I am forced to conclude that the true art of the cinema consists in laying photographic stress upon that which, were the scene being enacted in real life or on the stage, we just shouldn't notice. Say there's a man whose fortunes are sagging. Does the director engage an actor who can portray the man of sagging fortunes? No. He instructs his camera man to concentrate on the unhappy fellow's trouser knees and the way they've taken to bagging.

Or say that the hero of the film is straining every nerve to accomplish this or that. Does the director engage an actor who can portray resolution? No. He turns the fellow round and tells his camera man to photograph the hero's coat seams in the act of splitting. In *Shadow of a Doubt* (New Gallery) a young woman discovers that her uncle is a mass-murderer, and that a ring he has given her belonged to one of his victims. Do we read this in the girl's face? No. What we see, and, according to the highbrows, ought to be impressed by, is a segment of banister, the girl's hand, and a portentously looming emerald.

Now hear my view, confessedly and impudently lowbrow. If the story is not good enough then all this photography of trouser knees, coat seams and emerald rings will not save it. On the other hand, when the story is really exciting you wouldn't notice or care if the characters appeared sans trousers, sans coats and sans jewellery.

WELL, the story of *Shadow of a Doubt* is just not one of the really exciting kind. At least not to me. Interest evaporated, again as far as I am concerned, the moment it was disclosed that the murderer when a child had fractured his skull, and had been "funny" ever since. If I am to take any interest in a murderer he must be a murderer, and not

some afflicted wretch who ought to be in a mental home.

THIS film is immensely long with some crashingly dull performances by everybody concerned, with the exception of Teresa Wright. In fact, it everywhere suggests that Alfred Hitchcock has surrendered to the influence of Orson Welles. And if I had an enemy in the world of film-directors I would not wish him worse. And what, by the way, has happened to the sound-reproduction in this film in which the characters speak with the accents of sea-lions? In short, what with the dreariness sending me half-asleep and the din keeping me half-awake, I spent a joyless evening.

I THINK, too—and I hope it is not unpatriotic of me to do so—that I am getting a little tired of that film which shows the Nazis ill-treating the population of some Norwegian village, and some hour and a half later being wiped out by a British commando, put wise as to what is going on by somebody who has stolen over to England in the usual small boat.

*Commandos Strike at Dawn* (Gaumont) is the old story effectively, and in the last half brilliantly, told. Paul Muni is starred as the hero Eric. But there is not much for this accomplished actor to do, and in my view the film is stolen by that excellent player Alexander Knox, as the German captain.

Now Knox is also an extremely good performer in sympathetic rôles, sensitive clergymen and the like. Which fact has betrayed Hollywood in a most extraordinary fashion. A voice being required for the English padre blessing the troops, they have fastened on Knox, so that it is apparently the German captain who is bidding the English God-speed! The result is wholly disastrous. On the other hand I believe Hollywood is sufficiently contemptuous of its patrons to think

that it can get away with this without anybody noticing.

*Tales of Manhattan* (Warner and Regal, Marble Arch) is a series of six short stories about the wearers of a tail-coat to whom it plays alternately the part of mascot and hoodoo. The coat was made for Charles Boyer who plays an actor so top-notch that he can afford to walk out after the first successful performance of a new play!

Now the coat passes to bridegroom Cesar Romero engaged to Ginger Rogers. There is some fun about a love-letter found in the back pocket, and Henry Fonda contributes towards the charming and unexpected comic ending.

THE coat then migrates to a second-hand dealer, and is bought by Elsa Lanchester for her gifted but unsuccessful musician-husband Charles Laughton. He wears it and tears it while conducting a very Stravinsky-ish piece of his own which starts with a fiasco and ends in a furore. A humorous ending. And Charles is superb.

Now the coat strays into one of those strange American institutions, a mission house for down-and-outs. Here we meet Edward G. Robinson, once the pride of the campus but now given to strong waters and sleeping next to East-Side dustbins under cover of old newspapers. The keeper of the mission house brings him a letter. And it's an invitation to attend a party given by the now-successful members of his former University. Edward wears the coat and books a valuable job. Happy ending.

Now a terrible crook acquires the garment and dons it to invade a gambling party; holding up a large assembly with a single gun he makes off with the cash. But the airplane in which he hopes to make his getaway is wrecked, and in a last desperate effort he throws the coat out of the plane where it descends on a party of devout negroes who share the money, Paul Robeson singing marvellously, and the other darkies ready as always to burst into perfectly harmonised spirituals. And that's all, folks.



Uncle Charlie has the peculiar habit of tearing up newspapers. Ann (Edna May Wonacott), Young Charlie's younger sister, produces odd pieces she has found and thus confirms another of Young Charlie's suspicions



Uncle Charlie is generous with his presents. He gives Young Charlie a ring. The ring is oddly inscribed and obviously second-hand, but Uncle Charlie offers no explanation to his curious niece



# "Shadow of a Doubt"

## Hitchcock in Hollywood Acquires the Orson Welles Technique



Young Charlie Newton (played with intelligence and some brilliance by Teresa Wright) is at first thrilled by the arrival of her Uncle Charlie, who is gay, handsome and rich. Later, her suspicions are aroused by small incidents, singly unimportant, but together totalling something sinister. Her discovery that her mother's brother is a murderer wanted by the police imperils her own life

A new Hitchcock is something of an event in the motion-picture world, and *Shadow of a Doubt*, his latest film now showing at the newly re-opened Tivoli in the Strand, and at the New Gallery in Regent Street, lives up to the high standard expected of this well-known British director. Hitchcock's special talent is to place crime in the most unexpected place. In *Shadow of a Doubt* he has chosen the well-ordered, secure household of a slow, gentle and unsuspecting bank cashier (played by Henry Travers) as his background for the sinister story of the black sheep of the family with a penchant for murdering pretty women. Almost imperceptibly, the case against Uncle Charlie is built up. In Hitchcock's hands a hint is sufficient for the imaginative mind. Those who admired his handling of *The Lady Vanishes*, of *Saboteur* and of *Foreign Correspondent* will not find themselves disappointed in this latest example of Hitchcock's artistry, in spite of a possible objection to the intervention of the technique which Orson Welles has made peculiarly his own



Young Charlie is amazed when her Uncle Charlie (Joseph Cotten) refuses to be photographed and even to talk to the two men (MacDonald Carey and Wallace Ford), who have called at the Newton home to ask questions for some sort of Gallup poll. This is when her suspicions are first aroused



It is not long before Uncle Charlie realizes that his too-intelligent niece suspects that he is not all he appears to be. He is uneasy when she is absent from the house, and questions her mother, his sister, Emma (Patricia Collinge) about her whereabouts



When Uncle Charlie discovers that his niece has found out his secret he decides to kill her. Twice he tries, and twice he fails. Terrified, Young Charlie confides her suspicions in Jack Graham, a young detective who proves to be more than usually interested in the activities of her sinister uncle



Uncle Charlie decides to get out of town. He forces Young Charlie to board the train with him and later tries to push her out of a carriage door on to the line. He is unsuccessful, and it is the murderer himself who is killed



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Heartbreak House (Cambridge)

THIS loquacious play may not be Shaw's masterpiece, but it has magnificent passages. It is described as "a fantasy in the Russian manner on English themes." That description serves; though it might be even more aptly described as a symposium in the Peacock manner on Shavian themes. Its form, of course, is much less rigid than Peacock's, its style less mannered; but, like those house parties at Headlong Hall, Crotchet Castle, and other alliterative rendezvous, what the characters say matters more than what they do. Their names—Captain Shotover, Lady Utterword, Mrs. Hushabye: are these not labels in the old Morality and the Peacockian manner?

They speak their minds with freedom and avidity. If little that is conventionally dramatic happens on that September evening at Heartbreak House, the talk—nearly three hours of it—never flags. And since their host, old Captain Shotover, is of the breed of Captain Ahab, Noah, and other transcendental navigators, occasional depth charges are dropped from the apocalypse to clear the conversation of cant. The only intruders from the outer world are a rather boring burglar, who is no less articulate than the guests he comes to rob, and a zeppelin bomb, a bolt from the blue that serves to round off a discussion that might otherwise have gone on, gathering fresh wool and momentum, till doomsday.

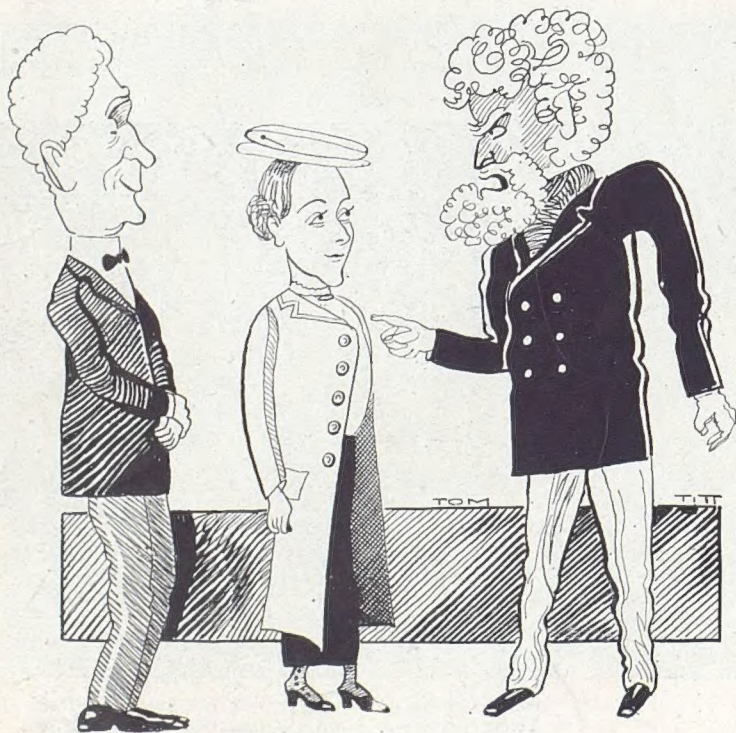
There are some less than excellent passages, and scrupulous listeners may suspect occasional redundancies, even some less than irresistible humour. But what a play! The producer may well have asked himself what, short of persuading the illustrious author to read it in person from the stage, was to be done about it? A tricky question, modern audiences being what they are. That question is answered at the Cambridge Theatre with stars and what is termed a West End production: a wise

answer, no doubt, for London. The stars—Edith Evans and Robert Donat, Deborah Kerr and Isabel Jeans—have indubitable magnitude; the production is super-West End.

HEARTBREAK HOUSE, that symbolic ark afloat on troubled waters, is picturesquely designed and solidly built. Its interior is as neat as a new pin, and as free from atmosphere as a model dwelling at an Ideal Homes Exhibition. There may be bats in the Captain's belfry, but not a cobweb on the timbers of the saloon. Pedants may feel that such a Captain, who had skippered both sail and steam, would have



Hesione Hushabye (Edith Evans) discovers that one of her guests, Boss Mangan (George Merritt) has been hypnotised into a deep sleep by her young visitor, Ellie Dunn



Sketches by  
Tom Titt

(Left)  
The reception of Mazzini Dunn (J. H. Roberts) and his daughter Ellie (Deborah Kerr) by their host, old Captain Shotover, is unusual and a little disconcerting



Hector Hushabye (Vernon Kelso) is delighted to find his beautiful young sister-in-law, Lady Utterword (Isabel Jeans) a guest in his home

insisted on a ha'p'orth of tar for old times' sake. The garden, too, in which the threads of the talk are finally unravelled, is as objective as an arc-lit nocturne in a London park. And when the toilettes of the ladies, ravishly designed by Mr. Cecil Beaton, have been admired, and Mr. Donat's octogenarian make-up has been voted Carlylean (after Millais) or Walt Whitmanesque (after hearsay), there is little to put the speakers off their mettle, or excuse us for not listening with all ears.

YOU may imagine how those two divas, Miss Evans and Miss Jeans, enter this talkative marathon. Miss Evans seemed to me a shade reluctant to accommodate her high-comedy pitch to the Eve-like warmth of Mrs. Hushabye, and to keep, as it were, Millamant out of the conversation. This may have been a passing impression, due to seeing and hearing this great actress tune in to a first-night audience and occasion, and a theatre that does not pander to intimacy. She looks, and is, magnificent. Miss Jeans is her usual charmer. One feels that the social life of any far-flung Residency that had her Lady Utterword as hostess would buzz—and how! As the old Captain's heart-mending ingenue, Miss Deborah Kerr is excellent. She acts with both head and heart, and can share a duologue with Miss Evans without being eclipsed.

But the play's outstanding character is Captain Shotover: one of the finest creations in the whole Shaw gallery. He says things that, like the boom of a minute gun, thrill the heart and re-echo immortally. Mr. Donat sponsors this dynamic old visionary with great solicitude, and gives distinction to the eruptive entrances, stage transits, and abrupt exits that specialise the part. Mr. J. H. Roberts contributes a beautifully unassertive study of philosophic subservience to the business magnate; a diamond whose roughness Mr. George Merritt does not mitigate.

A new generation of playgoers is coming to Shaw, who seems to suit them even better than he suited their fathers. They are lucky to meet him in such circumstances. The Shavian canon is voluminous, various, and stimulating. The newcomers have great pleasure in store. This revival may have touched, but did not break hearts in the first-night audience, which laughed both in and out of season. It should be a popular success.



## Accent on Youth

Young Hopefuls, High Spirits and Sid Field Triumph in "Strike a New Note"



"What's New—We've Got What's New"

Here is the opening number, put over with tremendous gusto and speed. The stage and gangway seem to overflow with young people, all very agile and rhythm-conscious. Left to right: Marianne Lincoln, Derek Roy, Triss Henderson, one of the Henderson twins, Jill Manners and John Branden



Leni Lynn, a very young soprano with a high top note and trills galore, swinging "The Blue Danube" while the chorus waltz round her on the revolving stage

Right: Nigger Heaven. Jill Manners sings "Yea, Man," a powerful example of negroid rhythm, with effective decor



"O.K., Boss!"

Sid Field as the American subaltern, Jerry Desmond as his C.O., in "Anglo-American Relations." The British try to unbend, the Americans become tremendously 'pukka'—just to make each other feel at home

Right: Sid Field, first seen as a tough, reappears as the Wizard of the Bells, a musical act of rich refinement. A voice: "Do you know the Tales of Hoffmann?" Sid: "Only the clean ones"



If *Strike a New Note* at the Prince of Wales contains the old ingredients of revue, the effect of novelty is certainly there. Mr. George Black's host of young hopefuls justify the blare and bustle by sheer hard team-work and high spirits. The scene-changes are simple and ingenious, while the dresses, lighting and decor are as first-rate as Robert Nesbitt's skilled production. Many of the rising generation do well in song and dance, and Zoe Gail, the "Senior Miss," so to speak, scores a hit with her song about just how lit up everybody intends to get when the lights go up again in London. But the real "discovery" is Sid Field, whom the provinces know well. A grand, clean-fun comedian who has come to stay



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## "Heartbreak House"

A Russian Style Fantasia Considered by Shaw to be His Best Work



Casually invited to spend her annual holiday at Heartbreak House, Ellie Dunn (Deborah Kerr) finds she is an unexpected visitor. Disconsolately she waits until her father, Mazzini Dunn (J. H. Roberts) arrives and Hesione Hushabye (Edith Evans) awakens from her afternoon sleep and appears to welcome them both to Captain Shotover's home



Following the arrival of Mazzini Dunn and his daughter, other unexpected guests turn up. Left to right, the party includes Hector Hushabye (Vernon Kelso), Lady Utericord (Isabel Jeans), Ellie (Deborah Kerr), Randall Utericord (Francis Lister), Mrs. Hushabye (Edith Evans), and Boss Mangan (George Merritt)



Captain Shotover (Robert Donat) refuses to recognise his younger daughter, Lady Utericord, who ran away from home twenty-three years earlier and has come home a wealthy woman of the world, thoroughly spoilt after her travels round the globe as the wife of the Governor in one or another far-flung outpost of the Empire



Randall, who with little encouragement remains wholeheartedly faithful to his beautiful but cold sister-in-law, is ordered to go to bed while the others enjoy the beauty of the night in the garden. Seeking refuge in his flute, Randall is summoned from his bedroom by Lady Utericord





Nurse Guinness (Amy Veness) has spent her life in the service of the Shotover family. Their casual ways of living and mad escapades no longer hold any terrors for her

● *Heartbreak House* was written by Mr. George Bernard Shaw after the first air raid of the last world war and produced in 1921. The play is still remarkably up-to-date in thought, in spite of the period atmosphere fostered so largely by Mr. Cecil Beaton's dresses, but a new last line has been conceded by the author for the present production. Old Captain Shotover is now given the last word. As Captain Shotover, Robert Donat does justice to Shaw's magnificent conception of the man. His two daughters, Mrs. Hushabye and Lady Utterword, are no less magnificently portrayed by Edith Evans and Isabel Jeans. In support of these three great stars are Deborah Kerr, J. H. Roberts, George Merritt, Francis Lister and Vernon Kelso. No lover of the theatre should miss the opportunity of seeing this H. M. Tennent production of one of our great modern plays

Photographs by  
Cecil Beaton



Hesione is momentarily touched by the suffering of Boss Mangan who, moved by the potent atmosphere of *Heartbreak House*, his pride hurt by the behaviour of Ellie, has confessed the limitations of his own life, bound as it is by the one object of making money and yet more money



Hesione Hushabye is moved by the beauty of the night. "Don't you feel how lovely this marriage night is, made in heaven," she says. Shortly after this, the noise of the German raider is heard



Ellie, torn by her own emotional upheaval in finding her beloved Hector is none other than Hesione's husband, and his fine adventures entirely without foundation, is determined not to marry Boss Mangan, and finds consolation in the wisdom of old Captain Shotover. "Life with a blessing! That is what I want," she says. "Now I know the real reason why I couldn't marry Mr. Mangan. There would be no blessing on our marriage"



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

ONCE again a naval officer has written to the *Times* quoting the absurd prices the Navy still has to pay the tailors for its working-uniforms, and once again one wonders if their Lordships of the Admiralty know that George II. is dead.

Lovers of the stories of that irritable old seadog Toby Smollett, M.D., R.N., will remember that in his day there was no uniform for naval officers (it came in under Nelson, unless we foully err), and dress was left to private enterprise. The result was that you might see on the quarterdeck shabby, tarry red breeches, worsted stockings, and striped flannel jackets on the one hand, and the *dernier cri* in Mayfair velvets, silks, and satins, red Morocco shoes, and jewelled swords on the other. It was the chic and dressy officers who were favoured by their Lordships and got the jobs, apparently: the boys like Smollett's Captain Whiffle of H.M. frigate Thunder, scented and rouged and white-gloved and powdered and bediamonded, swooning at the stink of rude sailors. It's our impression that their Lordships still share the tailors' feeling that a gentleman dies in the best broadcloth.

On the other hand, to be strictly fair, their Lordships have certainly encouraged naval medicine and surgery, and it was easy to answer a thoughtful chap who was asking himself in print recently what Nelson would

say if he saw the superfine sick-bays of H.M. Fleet to-day. "Kiss me, Horder," obviously.

## Theory

THAT curious passion of the Early Bronze Age man for erecting circles of colossal stones or megaliths should be explained to the Race, now the National Trust has acquired the famous site at Avebury, by the Harley Street psychiatrist boys, who should know (and if they don't they'll tell us just the same, believe you us).

The simplest explanation seems to be that the Early Bronze Age man was driven crazy by women, which maybe explains most frantic human endeavour and especially mountaineering and expeditions to both Poles. The average winsome Early Bronze Age blonde, for example, probably had 150 men out putting up big stones in a frenzy from dawn to dusk, pausing only to yelp in despair and rap that delicious, terrible little golden noggin with an Early Bronze Age hammer. Why big stones? Because they could beat their heads against them when winsomeness became too much, is our guess. You see blonde-maddened stockbrokers banging their heads against Bush House to-day for the same reason.



"Why do you always use my beer for the Mediterranean?"

## Contretemps

NATURALLY the Harley Street boys will trot out some more erotic theory from Freud or Jung, being able to explain everything on earth in terms of the Old Sexy Brawl. Our regretted playmate Archie Macdonell of the *Bystander* once explained an England v. Australia Test match to us in terms of Freud at Nottingham. It is quite, quite extraordinary how blushmaking the symbolism of cricket is when you examine it closely, and we hardly knew which way to look. Eventually we looked in the direction of the refreshment bar—just in time, as it turned out, for the creaking wooden faces all round us were suffused with fury and we had barely time to make it.

## Sob

YET another local Food Committee has denounced a housewife's demand to change her retailer as "frivolous," which reminds us that a little time ago we composed a sentimental ballad on this topic, which we will sing to you here and now:

I.

Amid the splendour of a West End mansion,  
A woman bowed her head in grief and shame,  
As well-dressed guests kept rushing from the ballroom,

And casting this aspersion on her name:

*Refrain (angrily and with contempt)*

She's a girl that won't stick to her grocer,

Just a butterfly wanton and vain,

Borne in on the breeze,

She'll flit round the cheese,

Then she's off to some new love again;

She's the type that true grocers despises,

Though she dresses in jewels so rare,

She's the bone in the ham,

She's the pip in the jam,

She's the Reason Retailers Don't Care.

The other statutory two verses turned out to be rather bitter, morbid and Rimbaudesque, and the Food Ministry begged us not to publish them. "A healthy open-air type of poetry is preferred by Lord Woolton," said a tiny little official with tinted glasses and a nervous cough.

## Clash

DURING the recent shrill pathetic whoobub among the Parliamentary Glamour Girls over the admission of women into the Diplomatic Service, a chap remarked that the principal feature of the entrance-examination in that event should be a public disputation, in the manner of the medieval

(Concluded on page 14)



Mervyn Wilson.

"There are times, Miss Amory, when I wish you were a gramophone and eight records"





Teatime found the Hon. Mrs. Crawshaw with Mr. Harold Nicholson, M.P., at the party given in honour of Mr. Yehudi Menuhin

Right: Commandant de Boislambert of the Fighting French, Constance, Duchess of Westminster, and His Excellency Jonkheer Dr. Michiels Van Verduynen, the Netherlands Ambassador, were among the guests at Lady Townshend's luncheon party



Left: Lady Townshend is seen talking to General and Mrs. G. L. Carpenter after the luncheon which was held at the Dorchester Hotel

The Dowager Lady Townshend's luncheon party for General G. L. Carpenter, leader of the Salvation Army

The guest of honour, Mr. Yehudi Menuhin, was photographed with General Valin. The reception was organised by the Association of Friends of the French Volunteers



## The Social Round

### London Snapshots Tell of Varied Activities

Farewell Reception for Mr. Yehudi Menuhin at The Allies Club

General Monclar, who recently returned to this country from Africa and is now Chief of the Fighting French Land Forces, chatted with Lady Goulding, who has presented an ambulance to the Fighting French

Miss Dorothy Dickson found the wit of the Foreign Secretary's wife, Mrs. Anthony Eden, irresistible. This reception was held shortly before the Albert Hall concert given by the great violinist on Sunday last



General Dobbie's Portrait for Malta

Mr. Eric Kennington's portrait of Lt.-Gen. Sir William Dobbie has been presented to Malta. It was accepted at the Colonial Office by the Duke of Devonshire, seen (left) with the artist, Lady Dobbie, and Gen. Sir William Dobbie



Film Premiere of "Immortal Sergeant" at the Odeon

Among the audience were Mr. John Brophy, upon whose novel the film is based, Mr. Selby Howe, Air Vice-Marshal A. H. Orlebar, Deputy Chief of Combined Operations, and Capt. Bartle Bull



Gen. Sir Frederick Pile, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., of Flackwell Heath, brought Lady Pile to see the film. It is the story of fighting in the Libyan Desert



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

Schools. Whether he was sincere or just being a scaremongering devil we shall never know.

However, should the worst happen, it's an idea. Moreover, it's a current idea. Walking in the fragrant morning dusk of some grave, gorgeous Spanish cathedral, you hear a voice echoing in the distance; not a liturgical or intoning voice, but an orator's. You at length discover, in a side-chapel, a table covered with a crimson cloth, on which are two lighted candles, books, and papers. On benches all round are seated ecclesiastics listening with critically knitted brows to the orator, who is demolishing, in Latin, the metaphysics of the confrère seated opposite him with a sardonic expression. It is an *oposición*, a public contest between, say, two rival candidates for a vacant canonry. The Spaniards are, or were, fond of these intellectual clashes, a very ancient custom in all the European universities.

Similar public disputes between rival girl candidates for a diplomatic job would give girls scope for natural Godgiven talent, and of course the winner of the contest would automatically lose the job. In our despicable view a girl Ambassador with an abnormal gift for argument could and probably would bring about another world war in ten minutes, and you can quote us.

## Monument

SCULPTURE, we've often thought in despondent mood, would be fine if it weren't for the sculptors. For which reason we fell into a woundy fit of vapours on noting Mr. Bert Thomas's admirable suggestion that the erection of some public monument to Mitchell of the Spitfires should be one of the Government's first post-war duties.

It should; but you know as well as we do what the hellish result would be, namely Freedom and Democracy handing a Spitfire

to Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Britannia, Time, Prudence, Chastity, World-Co-operation, and Knight, Frank, and Rutley, each female allegorical figure being three times the size of life and multi-bosomed like the Diana of Ephesus and Auntie Times. Or else the sculptor would do an ordinary Cavell on us, as they say in the studios. There would be one more alternative, namely the hewing from a 50-ton block of granite of a bandy-legged baboon 15 feet high and 12 broad, stark naked, loathsome beyond belief, locked in a death grapple with a 20 ft. by 15 ft. female chimpanzee, trampling a vaguely Stone Age aeroplane underfoot and overshadowed by a colossal something like the triple-winged spirit of a doped Assyrio-Aztec fish-monger's widow in Hell.

If the Island Race didn't hate and fear irony so much, the ideal Mitchell monument would of course be a bronze tablet affixed to every preposterous public statue left unscathed in London at the end of the war, recording in Latin and English that but for the Spitfire it might have been lost to Posterity for ever. But we admit the Cricket Spirit would never stand that sort of thing.

## Shrine

THE Kipling Society was apparently not represented at the recent auctioning of the Imperial Service College, Windsor, which failed to make the reserve and was withdrawn. Their interest is doubtless confined to Stalky and Co's original stamping-ground at Westward Ho, of whose fate we are unfortunately ignorant.

Kipling's country house just outside Burwash, Sussex, still remains in trust as he left



"Commander Fiske spent ten days adrift with two biscuits. Wouldn't you have hated it?"

it, and no devotee has yet carried off from the parish church the "Panama" slab of *Rewards and Fairies*, which is a gravestone of 14th-century Sussex cast-iron inscribed "*Orate p. annema Jhone Coline*"—"Pray for the soul of Joan Coline," an ironmaster's widow. Although the locals have little truck with Puck and the fairies nowadays Burwash remains unspoiled and charming; somewhat of a miracle when you recollect the immensity of Kipling's sales, making it familiar ground to the remotest sahib in Pongo-Pongo. Not that Burwash ever cared.

## Boom

WE forget who said that certain streets are predestined to violence and have a doom over them—for example, the grim Rue Haxo in the Ménilmontant quarter of Paris, where the fifty hostages were massacred by the Communards in 1871. That murder still hangs over the Rue Haxo like a cold shadow.

Wondering if the Rue de Laborde, off the Boulevard Malesherbes, where a battle with the Nazis took place the other day, had any such history, we looked it up. It has no more blood in its past—except that it is close to where Madame Elizabeth, Danton, Desmoulins, St. Just, the two Robespierres, and a thousand others of the guillotined were buried until their bones were removed to the Catacombs—than Piccadilly.

London streets have seen no real rough stuff since Wat Tyler's rebellion, we guess, but there are several which seem to be waiting for drama of some sort. The Cromwell Road has always seemed to us sinister. You'd knock at the door of one of those tall gloomy houses and maybe an ostrich would open it, as in one of Hoffmann's tales. Or if not an ostrich, perhaps an elderly lady in black silk without a head, or a Byzantine dwarf, or a retired solicitor with flames coming out of his mouth. There are eerie forgotten Early Victorian streets north of St. Pancras where anything grim and fantastic might happen. Compare also the Finchley Road at the south-east corner of Lord's. A huge plague-pit lies under it, and near by the living dead cluster in the Members' Stands. Macabre, what?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"See what I mean?"



# Young Stars in Their Courses

Three Gifted Young  
Actresses at London  
Theatres



John Vickers

## Miss Margaretta Scott in "Watch on the Rhine"

Margaretta Scott took over the part of Marthe de Brancovis, wife of the blackmailing nobleman in *Watch on the Rhine*, when Valerie Taylor left the cast to play Natalia Petrovna in the revival of *A Month in the Country*. The last occasion on which Miss Scott worked with Emyln Williams, who produced *Watch on the Rhine*, gave her her first big chance on the London stage. This was *A Murder Has Been Arranged*, at the St. James's in 1930, incidentally the first play to be written and produced by Emyln Williams. Margaretta Scott is well known in Shakespearean roles; in the 1941 and 1942 seasons at Stratford, she played Juliet, Rosalind, Lady Macbeth, Portia, Viola and Beatrice



Vivienne

## Miss Sonia Dresdel in the "Hedda Gabler" Revival

It is possible that at the moment Sonia Dresdel is not as well known in London as she is in the provinces, but that is only a question of time. In the big provincial cities of this country she has won considerable fame for herself, first with the Harrogate Repertory Company, and later on tour with Robert Donat in *The Devil's Disciple*, and with Ernest Milton and Frederick Valk in two Old Vic productions of *The Merchant of Venice*. Miss Dresdel is now appearing in the revival of *Hedda Gabler* at the Westminster Theatre with Walter Hudd. She gives a brilliant performance. "I am prepared to maintain," says Mr. James Agate, "that Miss Dresdel is the best of our younger actresses"



John Vickers

## Miss Dulcie Gray in "Brighton Rock"

Dulcie Gray made her first West End appearance with Fay Compton in the recent production of Lillian Hellman's play, *The Little Foxes*. Previously, London audiences had seen her only at the Open Air Theatre with Robert Atkins. Born in Malaya, Miss Gray, who in private life is the wife of Captain Michael Denison, came to this country five years ago. Up to that time, she had seen only two theatrical productions—*Peter Pan* and *Mother Goose*. For the past three and a half years she has been in repertory, in Aberdeen, Glasgow, Edinburgh and Harrogate



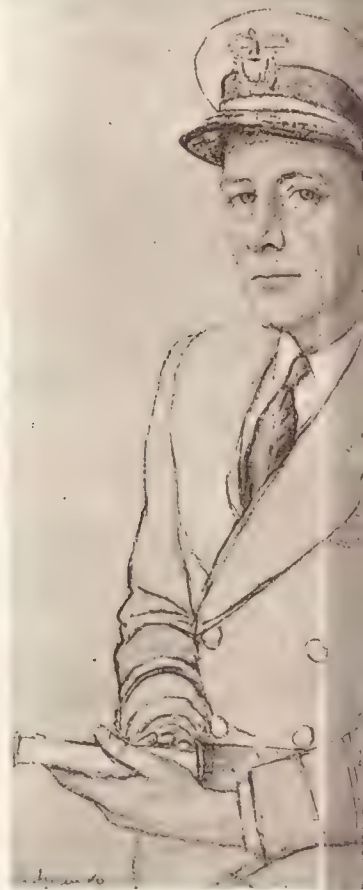
## Famous Faces

As Seen By  
Serge Rodzianko

These portraits, the work of the well-known Russian artist Serge Rodzianko, are now on view at Knoedler's Galleries, Old Bond Street. The exhibition, which will continue until April 30th, was opened yesterday by Lady Louis Mountbatten. It is being held in aid of the Yugoslav Relief Society, to raise urgently needed funds for Yugoslav war victims, ambulances, medical supplies and the merchant seamen's club. Sculpture by Helen Haas (Mrs. Ruffin de Langley) is also being shown. Serge Rodzianko has already held several exhibitions in London, and this time he has assembled a very interesting and varied collection of portraits



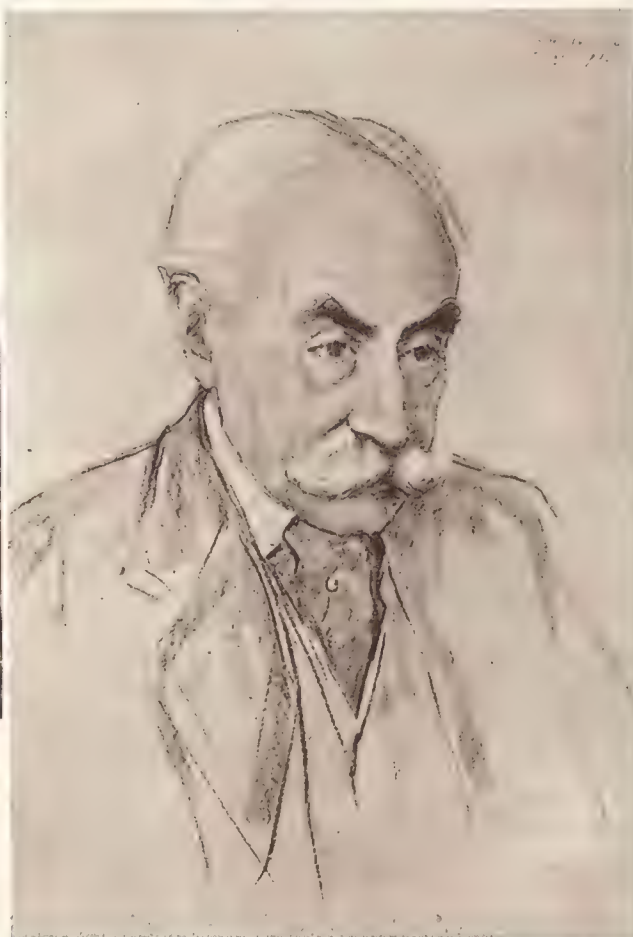
**Major-General Walter Bedell Smith, U.S. Army, is Chief of Staff to General Eisenhower. He was previously U.S. Secretary of the Combined Chiefs of Staff in Washington, and has been a member of the General Staff Corps since April 1942**



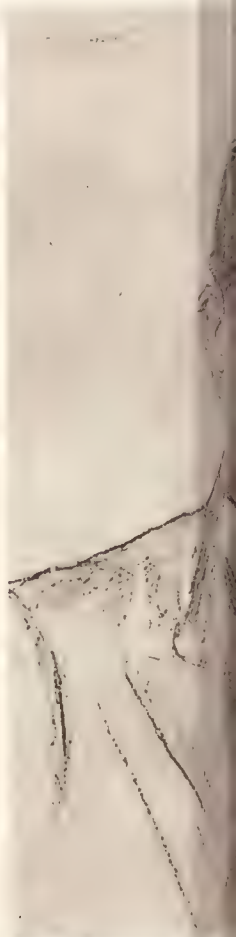
**Rear-Admiral Alan G. Kirk, former U.S. Naval Forces in Europe and Naval Attaché to the U.S. Embassy in London, recently returned to his new post. He is a gunnery specialist and was**



**General Sikorski, G.B.E., the Polish Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief, is the subject of this portrait in oils. Not long ago he paid an official visit to the U.S.A. to confer with President Roosevelt and members of the U.S. Government**



**Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, G.C.V.O., G.B.E., the Belgian Ambassador to England and Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, is a familiar figure in London, where he has been since 1927. He was previously Belgian Ambassador to the United States**



**Mr. Ivone Kirkpatrick, Services at the B.B.C., entered the Diplomatic Corps in 1931. In this war he was First Secretary**





**Lieut.-General Daufresne de la Chevalerie, C.B.**, of the Belgian Army, commanded a Division on the Belgian front early in the war. Later, escaping from his country by way of Holland and America, he rejoined the Belgian Forces in England



**Lady Louis Mountbatten, C.B.E.**, who opened the exhibition, was drawn by the artist in the uniform of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, of which she is Superintendent-in-Chief. She was awarded the C.B.E. for her services to Civil Defence early this year



**Mr. L. S. Amery, P.C., M.P.**, Secretary of State for India, is a staunch friend of Yugoslavia, and his portrait is amongst those exhibited in aid of Yugoslav war charities. Mr. Amery is the Unionist Member of Parliament for Sparkbrook



**Mr. C. B. Cochran**, the world-famous showman, theatrical manager and producer, who works so indefatigably for all charitable causes, has given much of his time and invaluable advice to the Yugoslav Relief Society

**Mr. C.M.G.**, Controller of European Affairs in the Army from 1914 to 1918, and Vice-Chief of Staff at the American Embassy in London in 1919. For some years before the war he was British Consul-General in Berlin





**Mrs. J. H. Walford**, seen here with her daughter, Belinda Mary, also has a son, born this year on March 11th. Her husband is Lieutenant - Colonel Jack Walford, Seaforth Highlanders, and she is the elder daughter of Sir Strati Ralli, Bt., M.C., and Lady Ralli, of Beaurepaire Park, Basingstoke. The Walfords were married in 1939



**Mme. Teixeira de Mattos** has two sons and a daughter: Albert, Edward and Clara. Her husband, Jonkheer E. Teixeira de Mattos, has been Counsellor at the Netherlands Embassy in London since 1935. Mme. de Mattos was Mlle. Elizabeth de Bassompierre, and is a daughter of Baron de Bassompierre, a former Belgian Ambassador to Tokyo



**Mrs. J. J. Farnol** is the only daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Ruthven Moore, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., R.N., Vice-Chief of the Naval Staff, and Lady Moore. She is the wife of Lieut. James Jeffery Farnol, R.N., a nephew of the well-known author of that name. Her small daughter is called Barbara Jane

## Family Album

Photographs by Marcus Adams and Janet Jevons



Janet Jevons

**Mrs. Tatlock Hubbard**, wife of Capt. Tatlock Hubbard, Royal Artillery, lives in Leicestershire. She was Miss Ruth Grimston, a Jubilee year debutante. She is Mr. and Mrs. Horace Grimston's daughter, and a relative of the Earl of Verulam. Her daughter, Caroline, is a year old



**Mrs. Richard Boyle** has two children, John Richard and Belinda. She was Miss Gwendolen Griffith, a daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. E. H. Griffith, C.B.E. She married in 1936 Commander Richard Courteney Boyle, D.S.C., R.N., a relation of the Earl of Cork and Orrery



**Mrs. Trevor Soutry** was photographed with her son, Adrian. She is the wife of Captain Trevor Soutry, The 15/19th King's Royal Hussars, son of the late Colonel Soutry, D.S.O., Royal Irish Rifles. She is a daughter of the late Captain the Hon. James McMorrisson



# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## Athletic News

THE intelligence comes straight from the (war) horse's mouth: the Italians, having lost the Army Marathon record at Kasserine and Mareth, where the Huns beat them for pace, are fully confident of regaining it the moment that they get on to some nice flat going. The local touts say that this is a certainty. Another item: Uncle Sam's Young Entry, now that they have been blooded, have got their hackles right up and are fair screaming on a red-hot line. They call it "Rairin' to go," so give 'em their heads!

## "Brains"—High Scent

LOTS of people may have heard of a "breast-high" scent (without, as I am persuaded, having the faintest notion of what that means), but a question about the scent of an animal familiar to many seems to have gone clean over the heads of the most entertaining turn in the B.B.C. programmes. Only one of that learned conclave—and he the Question-Master—seemed to have any idea of how to play the bowling, and even Mr. McCullough took refuge behind the smoke-screen of a famous M.F.H. of fiction. But Mr. Jorrocks was also wrong, for scent is much queerer than any woman. You do know, or ought to know, quite often what a woman is going to do. This is completely untrue of scent. Not one of the sages seemed to be woodcraftsman enough to know that the broad rule is that; if the earth is warm and damp and the air is cold and dry, the taint of an animal is always stronger than when the reverse is the case; nor was it mentioned, because obviously it was not known, that the scent of a sinking (tiring) animal is much fainter than that of a fresh one; nor was it mentioned that the scent may quite often be stronger many yards right or left of the line traversed by the animal than it is on the actual line itself. For instance, a pack of hounds will sometimes scream along on a scent with a hedge dividing a parallel field

over which the fox has travelled. This is what is called by those ignorant "huntin'" chaps, "getting it on the side." Again, there may not be a vestige of scent on the ground, but you, sitting on a horse, can wind it without the least trouble. Hence the saying: "It is as high as your hat!" The air close to the ground will not carry the taint, but a few feet higher the human nose, which is not half as sensitive as the canine one, can pick it up quite easily. To carry them over a funny patch of atmosphere like this foxhounds would need wings; as it is, when they come upon it, they do what is called "throw up"—that is to say, up come their heads, because there is no longer any scent on the ground to guide them. Many a woman has failed to mock the counsel of the wise and the valour of the brave, but scent does it more often than not. So, why did Mr. John Jorrocks make that sweeping pronouncement? Finally, why do some people possess the fragrance of a bowl of roses—and some others make you think of . . . ?

## From the Desert!

AND the song goes on to say something about being "shod with fire," and they and the heading are apposite to a letter I have received from a valued correspondent of more peaceful times, to whom I am persuaded that it is safer to refer as "VIII H," even though he is only writing about some little Arab war-horses, which we both knew very well. Some hyper-sensitive M.P. suffering from an attack of that delicacy to which the P.M. referred the other day, might, I fear, try to suggest that war-horses came within the purview of the King's Regulations. When writing a recent note upon those little Arabs, upon which the 15th Hussars once upon a time made such a grand show on parade, I said I thought that they had been passed on to the 8th Hussars. My friend tells me that I was right and that they took them to France with them in the last war, and in his letter he



## A Boxing Prize

Lieut.-General E. W. Sanson, D.S.O., Canadian Army, presented Captain E. H. Leathers with a cup, after the Canadian Army military boxing team had beaten the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers' team in a charity tournament



## An Exhibition Fight

On the same occasion as that of the picture above, Sergeant Harry Mizler, R.A.F., received an award from Major-General E. B. Rowcroft, C.B.E., after his exhibition fight. The tournament was in aid of Merchant Navy and R.E.M.E. charities



An R.A.F. Group Hockey Team

F. A. Fyfe

Front row: Wing Cdr. J. L. Crosbie, S/Ldr. F. N. Hargreaves, S/Ldr. A. W. Jones, Wing Cdr. J. W. Martin, Pay/Lt. R. M. L. Ray, F/Lt. A. G. Pell. Back row: F/Lt. E. S. Simmons, Grp/Capt. W. H. Hutton, S/Ldr. D. C. Kennedy, Cpl. T. H. H. Leek, F/Lt. R. E. O. Elwin

tells us how marvellously they stood up to a climate to which they were quite unaccustomed after coming home through the Red Sea when it was at its poisonest. "VIII H" then writes: "How well they did us, although when meeting a regiment in the British divisions we had a lot of rude remarks made to us about blokes riding ponies. We were five weeks from embarkation at Bombay to arrival in Marseilles, and lost only two troop horses on the way. On disembarkation they were saddled up in full marching order and ridden through Marseilles to a camp, La Valentine, I think, about ten miles from the dock. There were no minor ailments next morning, but picketed out in November and with a couple of feeds of English oats, etc., they caused a certain scatter of kit during the night. They stood about in the square at Bethune that Christmas week for four days whilst we were up at Festubert. We kept squadrons intact as long as we could by sending all remounts, which, of course, were English, to one squadron, and I think I am right in saying that we still had 2½ squadrons on Arabs when, with regret, we had to hand them over to the Indian cavalry when they went east again. I forget exactly when that was. We did, however, keep any that were chargers and an odd S.S.M. horse. When we eventually went back to England in April, 1919, from the Rhine,"

(Continued on page 20)





The Hon. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, wife of Lord Glenavy's heir, led out Mr. C. A. Ryan's first-prize-winning Great Dane, Prince Spitz, at the show which was held at Ballsbridge, Dublin



Competitors at the Irish Kennel Club's Championship Show

Mrs. R. H. Windham helped her sister-in-law, Lady Edith Windham (well-known judge and breeder of Yorkshire terriers), with her candidates. Lady Edith is a daughter of the second Earl of Dartrey



Mrs. Zenaide Bourke and her Irish wolfhound, Minna of Ouborough, Green Star and first-prize-winner, were photographed with Sir Valentine Grace, Bt., famous judge and breeder of Irish setters

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

we were allowed to take 27 horses with us, mostly chargers, and if my memory serves me, I think six or seven of them were the old original Arabs. Four of these played in the Subalterns' Gold Cup at Ranelagh that year and in the final showed the 13th Hussars several pairs of heels. Not bad for 12- to 14-year-olds who started life in the ranks and went through 4½ years of war. We had a tent-pegging team of four of them, all greys, and how they enjoyed it. Grand little fellows! You will probably have gathered that I had one of them. It was eventually bought by Philip Magor when we went to India again in December 1919, for a boy to learn polo on. He didn't like it, as it knew far too much about the game for a beginner."

### Irish Racing: Lord Adare's Ideas

LORD ADARE, who was chairman of the Irish Racing Commission, brought forward certain suggestions based most probably upon what he had seen of how they run things under the

Racing Government in India, the Royal Calcutta Turf Club, for he was out there for some years with his regiment, the 12th Lancers. Amongst these proposals was one for the merger of the Irish Turf Club and the Irish National Hunt Society, which latter, of course, governs the jumping side of things. In India there is only one authority, both east and west (W.I.T.C.), for the mixed cards which are run. This proposal was turned down by the Irish racing authorities. Another suggestion was for stipendiary stewards, who have functioned very well in India, and also in Australia for years past. This also was not approved of, but the joint Irish bodies are to consider the appointment of a Steward Secretary, who will be, presumably, a stipendiary official. This seems to me to be much the same thing. Another suggestion—emanating, so I gather, from Lord Adare—was that bookmakers should be banished from race-courses, so as to make tote betting a monopoly, and thus, of course, increase the income of the executives from percentages. This is to be considered. Many years ago the R.C.T.C. limited the number of bookmakers on the course, and there was a definite proposal for their total exclusion. I do not know whether this was ever carried into effect, but it may have been since I left

India. A heavy deposit was always demanded from all bookmakers licensed by the R.C.T.C. and was a somewhat unpopular measure, but in the main a good one, for reasons into which it is not necessary to enter. No S.P. betting was allowed in offices, as it is here, but there always was some ante-post betting on the principal future events. The Irish Turf Club and I.N.H.S. approved of the Adare Commission's suggestion for an increase in money for placed horses. This was adopted quite forty years ago in India, with the main idea of inducing owners to order their horses to be ridden out for places, and so considerably aiding handicappers. In many big races in England the conditions are generous to the placed ones, but not quite so generally as they are in India in all races without exception. It has worked very well. Lord Adare is obviously all for progress! He will perhaps be better remembered by some people as Dickie Wyndham-Quin, and he was a unit of that good 12th Lancer polo team which won the Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham in 1914. They were right up in front again in 1939 (beaten by the 10th Hussars in the final), when the Second German War broke out, so they have proved to be rather stormy petrels!



Four Public Schools' Fencing Teams

D. R. Stuart

In this picture are Eton's fencing team and the amalgamated Haileybury and I.S.C. team. Sitting: G. MacGregor, Hon. G. R. Vane (captain of Eton), H. S. Ball (captain of Haileybury and I.S.C.), A. C. Joy. Standing: P. J. Gerred (coach), B. Jones, M. N. W. Hughes-Hallett, N. A. Burton, J. H. R. de Sausmarez, W. G. Howson (coach). Eton was second to Dulwich in the Sabre

Playing for Bedford and for Dulwich were—sitting: J. W. Cameron, J. A. J. Tugnell (captain of Bedford), J. Haase (captain of Dulwich), G. E. Bowyer. Standing: P. E. Erskine-Murray, P. J. P. Gifford, P. E. R. Moore, R. Priest, R. W. McClure (coach). Dulwich tied for first place in Foil, and won the Sabre, in which event Bedford took fourth place





*Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.*

## Famous Son of a Famous Father: Mr. Jan Masaryk

The Foreign Minister and Deputy Prime Minister of Czechoslovakia, Mr. Jan Masaryk, carries on the tradition of a name made famous by his father, the late Thomas Masaryk, the great President and liberator of Czechoslovakia. Half American by birth, his youth was spent in the U.S.A., where he is considered amongst the most popular broadcasters and platform speakers, but he has long made his home in England, and has innumerable friends both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Masaryk was Counsellor of the Czechoslovakian Legation in London before becoming Czechoslovakian Minister to the Court of St. James in 1925, a post which he resigned in 1938 as a protest against the Munich decree. Early in 1939 he sailed for the U.S.A., returning in 1940, when Dr. Beneš established his Government in London, to assume the duties of Foreign Minister. Last year, while on a nine-months visit to America and Canada, he received an invitation from Monsignor Šrámek, the Czechoslovakian Prime Minister, to become his Deputy



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## The Church

"**WE HAVE OUR ORDERS**," by Joseph McCulloch (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), is a stimulating, courageous and thoughtful book. Its author, a young priest of the Church of England, is out to discuss the fairness of many criticisms that are being levelled against the Church to-day. Some of these criticisms may be idle; some may be inspired by prejudice against religion in any form. The fact that religion rouses so much antagonism is the strongest proof of its power that we could have. But the criticisms that Mr. McCulloch respects are those from what one might call potential church-goers, the ordinary man and woman of England—whom he calls "Mr. and Mrs. Bull." Mr. McCulloch shows that he, as a priest, is aware from the inside, just as the layman is aware from the outside, of some of the weaknesses, and the apparent inconsistencies, of the Church's position in our changing society.

As to his own convictions, his own vocation, the writer has not a moment's doubt. At the start, in his opening chapter, he says: "I cannot imagine what a life outside the Church of England would be. For me, to leave the Church would be to go into the wilderness." As the child of a Liverpool working-class family, he very early recognised that religion, as known through the teaching and services at his parish church, was to become not only the strongest influence, but the most vital interest in his life. His feeling was sturdy, not sentimental—religion presented itself to him as not only the key to the puzzle of human existence, but as a channel for energy. Church ritual—which he was to defend hotly in argument with his school-fellows—supplied the dignity and the colour that everyday life, with its meaningless drabness, lacked. Later, having gone up to Oxford with a scholarship, he felt a certain revulsion against (as it seemed to him) the narrowness of the High Church in some matters, and against the High Church insistence on what appeared, in view of the vastness of the spiritual battle—ground, minutiae. He left Oxford in 1931. At twenty-four (by far too young, as he now sees) he entered upon his first diaconate—troubled, and with such a troubled ending that he was within an inch of leaving the Church. Happily, however, he made a second start.

*We Have Our Orders* has two main themes—what is wrong with the present-day priest's (or, if you like it better, parson's) position, and by what means is this wrong to be remedied; and, further, what accounts for the Church's failure to meet and to fill that spiritual vacuum of which the people of England are uneasily, often inarticulately, conscious to-day? To summarise Mr. McCulloch, may one say with all reverence that there seems to be some

breakdown between demand and supply? Looking back upon his own experience in the Church, he reflects upon what he feels has been wrong in the past, and attempts to analyse the reason for the rapid decline in recent years of the influence of the Church upon the life of the country.

## Vacuum

MR. McCULLOCH's frankness may here and there be found disconcerting—the layman reader may ask himself how some of the clergy will react to it. To several of the reforms that he suggests—for instance, a longer training before taking Orders, with ruthless elimination, at any stage, of what may have proved to be unsuitable candidates—there can hardly, I think, be a dissentient voice. Others, however, may be found revolutionary. His main argument, throughout *We Have Our Orders*, is for Dis-establishment. He claims that the material interests (or, at least, concerns) of an Established Church may tend—in fact, he says straight out, are tending—to work against the spiritual ones. Under the present order of things, he says, the priest is too closely bound to the upper- or at least to the middle-classes. This has two evils: it is difficult for him to be otherwise than conservative, and, to the working class who make up the bulk of most parishes, he inevitably comes as an alien figure. Though, as we know, the usual parish clergy are anything but rich men—in fact, they are often distracted by private worries—to their poorer parishioners they seem fortunate. Even the well-meaning dentist said to Mr. McCulloch: "If I may say so, you've done very well for yourself."

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I CAN generally read autobiographies with a certain amount of

pleasure, however full of fact and poor in original ideas they may be. The autobiographies, however, which give me most pleasure are those which are also a frank confession of prejudices, philosophy—those threads of an inner life which are as exciting among the obscure as among the very great indeed. Then one may find a friend or an enemy, or even a bore, yet each a memorable introduction. It is thrilling to say to oneself, "Would that I could have written that passage!" or "I should never have got on with that man!"; or "A mind like that needs its windows opening!" Briefly, it is the stimulating difference between listening to what a man has merely done and what he has thought and suffered and become—the only psychologically interesting part of him. It is like meeting a bosom friend without the tedious preliminaries of getting to know one another or having to break that outer crust which is so hard to sever in all human relationships.

Now I have ceased to read only the "latest books," I have been reading those of already long-established reputation, among them Rousseau's *Confessions*. One passage especially appealed to me. It runs, "I have never thought so much, existed so much, lived so much, been so much myself, if I may venture to use the phrase, as in the journeys which I have made alone and on foot." It goes on to describe how every lovely aspect of natural beauty becomes more vivid,

By Richard King

every thought which passes through his mind becomes more vital, when he wanders about in solitary self-possession of his own personality and soul. Reading it, the thought struck me once again—how difficult, almost impossible, it is in this life ever to be free and alone; to be at liberty for any length of time to live your own life in your own way, freed from the shackles of both acquaintances and closer sentimental relationships. Existence becomes too often a succession of emotional knots which you seek to unravel only to discover that you have bound yourself helplessly in fresh ones. Yet the majority of people prefer it that way. They would sooner talk about the war and the weather to anybody than never talk at all! Consequently, the minority spend a great part of their lives avoiding when they can, the tentacles of aimless conversation and equally aimless friendships which are for ever feeling about here and there in order to make contact.

Only when a man or woman possesses a richness within themselves have they anything but small change to offer other people. And—or so it seems to me—only in alone-ness—not to be mistaken for loneliness—will they find gold. To travel in solitude is to go farther both mentally and physically, and there is exciting adventure awaiting for those who travel thus at every turn of the road. I may be wrong, of course, and yet I have observed that the more crowds get together the less profound they become. And this applies to mass meetings as well as sweeping majorities.



Yvonne Gregory

## Daughter of the Greek Prime Minister

Miss Athena Tsouderos is the twenty-one-year-old daughter of the Prime Minister of Greece and Mme. E. J. Tsouderos. She had barely left school when she found her first job—it was organising Red Cross relief in her own country. Now, in addition to acting as secretary to her father, Miss Tsouderos is an active member of various committees working for the benefit of the Greeks now suffering so terribly under Nazi domination.

For this and for other reasons the priest, too often, stays isolated from the mass of the people with whom he should be in touch. He feels, also, open to charges of insincerity against which he cannot defend himself because they are so seldom frankly levelled at him. And, in his own spiritual difficulties, he may find no man to whom to turn for counsel: Mr. McCulloch feels that the bishops, their time taken up with administration, fail to keep in close touch with the priests in their dioceses. He pleads that "business" clogs the life of the Church. A return to simpler living should mean simplification, with a release of energy for essential things.

Mr. McCulloch suggests that the clergy might well be recruited from men who have already had experience of life in other professions who have gained a working knowledge of human nature before being set apart from it by "the cloth." To "the cloth" itself, by the way, he strongly objects. He urges, too, the importance of wide reading—not only in theology, but in secular subjects, the social sciences, and psychology. An unrealistic outlook, he considers, a fatal disability to a parish priest. He recommends that the clergy should, in effect, take a vow of poverty, and that they and their wives should accept, and accept on behalf of their children, the working-class rather than bourgeois standard of life. This would, at the outset, eliminate any who were on the look-out for a soft job. Mr. McCulloch does not deny that the lives of the clergy are, as things are at present, quite hard enough—his point is

(Concluded on page 24)



# Getting Married

## The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Nahorski — Pitts**

Commander S. M. Nahorski, D.S.O., Polish Navy, and Joan Linda Pitts were married at the Church of St. Edward the Confessor, Plymouth. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Pitts, of 35, Whiteford Road, Plymouth.



**Allen — Baldry**

Lieut. James Atkinson Allen, R.M., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Allen, of St. Helen's, Selwyn Road, New Malden, and Joan Kathleen Baldry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Baldry, of Tregony, Traps Lane, New Malden, were married at Holy Trinity, Kingsway.



**Fox — Hankins**

Cecil Patrick Fox, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Edmund Fox, of Mearing, Crockham Hill, Kent, married Helena "Terry" Hankins, eldest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. Hankins, of Sunbury, Surrey, at St. James's, Spanish Place.



**Townshend — Crawford**

Lieut. Charles Richard de Bunsen Loftus Townshend, R.N. (retired), son of the late C. L. Townshend and Mrs. Townshend, of Hill House, Reigate, married Eileen Marianne Crawford, daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Crawford, and Mrs. Crawford, of Horley, Surrey, at Reigate Parish Church.



**McArthur — Smith**

Captain D. R. B. "Sandy" McArthur, R.C.O.C., son of Lieutenants-Colonel A. S. McArthur, of Toronto, married S/O. Nancy Smith, R.C.A.F., niece of Mr. D. E. Black, of Calgary, Alberta, at Holy Trinity Chapel, Sloane Street.



**Firebrace — Walker**

Captain John Aylmer Firebrace, R.A., son of Commander and Mrs. A. N. G. Firebrace, of 3, Eaton Mansions, Clivedon Place, S.W., married Caroline Walker, daughter of Commander and Mrs. S. M. Walker, of 15, Ovington Court, S.W., at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.



**Bateson — Davidson**

Wing Cdr. R. N. Bateson, D.F.C., R.A.F., son of the late G. R. Bateson, and Mrs. Bateson, of Washington, Sussex, married Elizabeth L. Davidson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Davidson, of Culloden Estate, Neboda, Ceylon, in Ceylon.



**Stuart — Newbold**

Lieut. Geoffrey Claude Edward Stuart, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. P. Stuart, of Birch Tree Cottage, Newbury, married Isobel Frances Mary Newbold, second daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. Newbold, of Speen Vicarage, Newbury, Berks., at Speen Church, Newbury.



**St. John Parry — Mayby**

Captain Stuart St. John Parry, R.E., elder son of the late Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. L. H. Parry, and Enid Mayby were married at St. Peter's, Vere Street. She is the only daughter of the late Charles Mayby and Mrs. Raines Barker, of Torfield Court, Eastbourne.



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 9)

many theatre and film people. Mr. James Mason escorted his wife, the former Pamela Ostrer; I saw Major-General John Hay Beith (Ian Hay); Sydney Howard and his wife; Arthur Askey, smilingly obliging all the autograph-hunters in the foyer; and Mrs. Bobby Howes with young Sally Ann, wide-eyed with wonder at her contemporaries' antics on the stage.

At a matinee of *Hedda Gabler*, at the Westminster, Mr. Ivor Novello was in the audience, and most enthusiastic about Miss Sonia Dresdel's performance. The company is only lately back from the exactions of a factory tour, but the members, who include Mr. Walter Hudd, appear none the worse for it. Mr. Ashley Dukes must be thanked for the rare opportunity to see this classic play, which is performed by his "Mercury Players."

## Polish-Scottish Reception

THERE was a very successful reception at the Polish Hearth in Belgrave Square in honour of the renowned Polish pilots, who met many Allied and American airmen, soldiers and sailors. The party was under the auspices of the Polish-Scottish Society, of which Brigadier Hervie Watt, M.P., Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Prime Minister, and Colonel Harold Mitchell, M.P., are joint chairmen. There were music and dancing to entertain the guests: Lieut. Nowakowski, the Polish baritone, sang; so did Miss Lea Seidl; Miss Nirenska danced; and loaned pictures by famous Polish painters decorated the ball-room.

Mrs. Alan Graham, the beautiful wife of the M.P. for Wirral, was joint hostess and organiser with Countess Raczynska, wife of the Polish Ambassador and acting Foreign Minister. Others connected with the organisation were Miss Eleanor Nalle, from America, and Mrs. Czerwinka, a well-known Polish actress. Among the guests were Count Raczynski, Lady C. Russell, Mrs. Richard Tauber, Count de Castejas, Vicomte de Duchayla, Lady Gould Adams, Lieut. Williams, aide to Admiral Stark, U.S.N.; Mrs. Victor Raiks, Mrs. Jardine Hunter-Paterson, General and Mrs. Regulska, Major and Mrs. Szumowska, Mr. Kleczkowski, of the Polish Embassy; Colonel Turner, American Air Attaché; and M. Baelarts van Blockland.

## The Red Cross

THE Countess of Limerick gave a report of the work of the Cheshire Red Cross and St. John Organisation at a meeting in Chester. The Dean of Chester, Bishop Tubbs, presided, and he was accompanied by the Mayor and Mayoress, Alderman and Mrs. W. Matthews Jones, the County President, Lady Stamford, her deputy, Lady Ashbrooke, Mrs. Demetriadi, Mrs. Basil Kerr and other important members of the Joint Organisation.

In Surrey over £200 was raised for the Red Cross at an exhibition and sale. Iris, Lady Lawrence, deputy President of the Surrey B.R.C.S., opened the proceedings and was welcomed by Mrs. Grantham, who presided, by Mrs. Chamberlain, the area secretary; and by Mrs. Wilmot and Mrs. Dockerty.

Recent Works of  
Jacob Epstein

Above: This bronze of the Countess of Berkeley has recently been completed by the famous sculptor. Lady Berkeley works for the American Red Cross



Right: Epstein modelled the head of Miss Juanita Forbes, fourteen-year-old daughter of Colonel and Mrs. James Forbes, in green patina

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

that they waste themselves, often, in futile struggles, such as "keeping up appearances," and that their effectiveness as priests suffers accordingly. . . . Elsewhere in *We Have Our Orders* we find a discussion of the possibility of the ordination of women, a defence of religious broadcasting, a plea that the Church should attempt to capture the arts (especially the theatre), instead of devoting so much of its time to "assemblies," an advocacy of change in the form of services, and some interesting notes on the writer's experiences as an Army chaplain in the first years of this war.

Here is a priest who aspires to do much more than fill the churches on Sundays—although even that, as a first objective, still seems to him sufficiently far away. Mr. McCulloch feels an incoming tide: he works for the day when religion shall be once more an integral part of English life. The people, he feels, are seeking for something that they at present hardly know how to name. In these years of war they have shown that their spiritual stature is unabated, and he believes that people like this need God.

His recommendation that the clergy should read psychology seems to me important, and I could wish that it had been further pursued. In regard to the Church's failure to contact ordinary people, he seems to me to have by-passed one or two rather important points—possibly he finds these too controversial. It is not only in the economic and social sphere that the Church has shown itself unrealistic. In the matter of what are generally called "morals," people need wise, understanding, informed help. Human nature has a complexity that it should be the priest's first business to estimate. Counsels of perfection are freely issued, but is this not one more case of a stone for bread?

## American History

AMERICA: THE STORY OF A FREE PEOPLE" (Oxford University Press, 7s. 6d.) is a first-rate history of America, from the time of the planting of the first Colonies up to the present day, written for English readers by two historians of Columbia University, Professors Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager. As such, its value is evident: the book fills a gap that intelligent English people, especially in these last years, have not failed to notice and deprecate. A country is, before all, the product of its own past. It is impossible for us to understand America if we do not know of, and take into full account, the forces that went to make her. Our knowledge of America's brief but intensive history has been patchy and biased, on the whole. In too many cases, it has been picked up from the movies and best-selling novels. In these, the country has two powerful emissaries. But one must recognise that Hollywood and the successful novelists are bound to place picturesqueness higher than fact.

*America: The Story of a Free People* is, therefore, above all, to be valued for its sane, full background, its close consecutiveness and its unimpassioned accounts of the different crises over which American passions have run so high.

"America [the authors say in their preface] is interesting because its history recapitulates the history of the race; telescopes the developments of social and economic and political institutions. It is interesting because upon it have played most of those great historical forces and factors that have moulded the modern world. . . . It is interesting because, notwithstanding its youth, it is to-day the oldest republic and the oldest democracy, and lives under the oldest written constitution in the world."

The above, alone, gives one food for thought. The idea of newness is too often associated with America in the English mind. Actually, any visitor must have been struck by finding, across the Atlantic, much that is old enough—in speech, in architecture, in custom—to have been forgotten at this side, where it began. The original Colonies, in themselves, started as microcosms of three very different kinds of English society—the extremes were the New England, vigorous, puritanical; and the Southern (Virginia, South Carolina) aristocratic, landed, leisurely, well-to-do. Between these, the Middle Colonies (New York, Philadelphia) were a sort of compromise—professional, liberal, cultured. . . . Outward from these first Colonies the expansion progressed. The rings of its growth have been traced in excellent maps—and maps show the movement, across the opened-up continent, of transport, industry, mining and agriculture.

Growth, always governed by the idea of freedom, and in always more complex aspects as time went on, might be called the theme of *America*. One finds in this book the answers to many questions one may have been hardly able to formulate. It is also a mine for the lover of concrete knowledge. For instance, what took place at Appomattox? What was the Louisiana Purchase? What was the "Last Frontier"? Who made the Cross of Gold speech? Who were the Populists? How does, or did, Big Business actually operate? . . . *America* is a book to read and digest slowly. You could not find better use for your reading time.

## Idyll

"THE CAPTAIN'S WIFE," by Eiluned Lewis (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), is a novel about a captain's wife living in a Welsh cathedral village with her four children. The scene is so picturesque, the characters always so charming, sometimes so quaint, that I began to feel rather oppressed. Somehow, this tale wants shadow: I found the whole thing rather too consciously "beautiful." With some it may inculcate love of Wales. Miss Lewis writes feelingly, excellently. But in her study of that savage emotion, loneliness, it seems to me that she rather misses the mark.



## guarding the flock . . .



From the ends  
of the earth  
they come . . . .  
our precious ships  
and their brave crews  
through peril of storm  
stalked by wolves  
*the wolves of the sea* —  
the U-boats  
in packs.  
But the Navy is there —  
and overhead the planes —  
spotting —  
bringing the convoy  
Home  
with its urgent load.  
Food, raw materials,  
Oil for the tanks,  
Munitions —  
to feed  
the gathering force  
of the great assault —  
the final blow !  
Precious cargoes  
precious men — and  
the wolves are many.  
They multiply  
they swarm.  
They prowl ceaselessly.  
But the convoy  
comes home,  
for our planes  
are overhead  
Spotting, swooping,  
striking —  
guarding the flock.

\* \* \* \*

What are we on the home front doing in the war against the U-boats? It is our part to work harder and to save more . . . . to stop waste, to save food and fuel and CUT OUR SPENDING. That is the vital support which we must give to the seamen and the airmen who risk their lives for us. The great thing at this moment when the dawn is breaking is to SAVE MORE.

*Issued by the National Savings Committee*



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## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

BY M. E. BROOKE

Spring weather and longer days have been warmly welcomed. Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, are showing their new tailored suits, the collection of which, naturally, is small; nevertheless, there are models to suit every type of figure. Much to be desired is the coat and skirt on the left. It is carried out in a check tweed in which blue predominates. In days gone by, velvet was used for the adornment of suits of this character, but now, in accordance with the regulations of the Board of Trade, felt has to be substituted. It seems unnecessary to add that the entire scheme is admirably cut and tailored. Some of the classic tailor-mades are arranged with wrap-over skirts, which is an advantage, as the movements of the wearer are never handicapped. A model that might well be called "camouflage," as at the first glance it suggests a coat and skirt, but is a dress to which has been added a basque. It is becoming and looks remarkably well with furs. No one must leave this establishment until they have seen the footwear for general wear, as well as for men and women in the Services. A feature is made of restful shoes for the house



"Count your Tricks" was the name given to Simpsons, Piccadilly, Utility Dress Parade. Many of the audience renamed it "Count your Coupons," as in the world of dress coupons are more important than money. It was a particularly interesting affair; many of the suits were coupon-savers, which signified that they were unlined. The models were attractive and practical, and every type of figure had been considered. Illustrated on the right is a cardigan suit reinforced with buckle and contrasting linen collar and belt. Again, there are special outfits which have been designed so that subsequently remodelling is simple. This firm has extended the Junior Miss Department for girls from 14 to 15 years of age, also the needs of women of generous proportions have been considered, which is an immense advantage. It must be mentioned that there is an infinite variety of black dresses, as there is no greater stand-by in any department. By the way, it must not be forgotten that tailored suits are divided into two sections—the smoothies for town wear and the roughies for the country





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While they look smart, must save money too,*

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—Or maybe 'Clydella'—  
Wear for ever, and still look like new.*

**'VIYELLA' & 'CLYDELLA' SERVICE SHIRTS**

Regd.

Regd.

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Collars extra.

These goods can only be supplied to members of H.M. Services.



W.3



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*Drink delicious*

# Ovaltine

THE WORLD'S  
BEST NIGHT-CAP

P.603a



# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## London's Air Future

**I**N spite of the pre-occupations of war it seems impossible to avoid thinking about the air problems of peace. I see that the scheme for establishing in London a big overdrome, or aerodrome mounted above the roof-tops, has been mentioned.

It is an idea that has cropped up many times. I remember seeing fairly detailed plans for such an overdrome long before the war. Hitherto, however, the idea has usually been thrust aside as being too ambitious and therefore impracticable.

But that is not true. We have learned to think on a much larger scale than before and undoubtedly we shall soon have to decide if London and other large cities are to have their overdromes.

All kinds of points arise when the matter is examined. For instance, the trend of the cities has been to provide a roof for everybody everywhere. The transport vehicle now always has a roof and that has been so since the disappearance of the old open-top buses. Some restaurants and theatres stretch out their roofs over the pavement so that their patrons can move from their homes without ever running the risk of having rain or snow falling upon them.

## Undercover Towns

**I**T seems, in brief, that the town of the future will be an extension of the house. The big shops have been going that way, and it is possible to walk for miles and see displays of goods of all kinds without ever going out into the open.

Covered-in pavements have often been suggested. If this is indeed the trend and if the cities of the future will have one section entirely covered in, it follows that the case for the overdrome is much strengthened.

For there could be no objection to building runways stretching for miles above the streets and pavements if the streets and pavements were already mostly roofed in. As a constructional task it

would be big, but obviously not impossible, or even difficult.

Probably the only serious objection so far raised is that the visibility in the town areas is so poor. And it is true that London has her smoke pall which puts the visibility there below what it is in the surrounding country. The same applies to other big towns.

But the aim here should surely be to reduce atmospheric pollution rather than to accept it and to say that it precludes aircraft from operating from city aerodromes. Moreover, the methods of flying control are improving so rapidly that low visibility is less of a danger than it used to be.

It is to be hoped that we shall have the courage to build a London overdrome when peace comes. At any rate, we have grown out of looking at it as an impossibility.

## Twenty-five Years

**A**S I predicted there were great events planned for the first of April to commemorate the twenty-fifth birthday of the Royal Air Force. Some figures issued by the Air Ministry comparing the feats of the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service with what is being done now, showed that air war was not quite in the embryo stage that so many people imagine in 1914-1918.

That figure of 5,500 tons of bombs in the ten months of 1918, for instance, showed that even in bombing a beginning had been made. And in fighting the pilots of the first World War were more advanced than they were in bombing.

One sharp difference between the air fighting then and now occurred to me as I was considering these things. It was the greater immediacy of the early combats. Aeroplanes increase their turning circles as their wing loadings go up, and it follows that the aeroplanes of today sweep round on a much bigger,



Bertram Park

Group Capt. H. Dawes, O.B.E.

Group Captain Henry Dawes, Senior Personnel Staff Officer, Bomber Command, since January, 1940, was mentioned in dispatches in September, 1941, and received the O.B.E. in the 1942 New Year's Honours

faster, circle than the aeroplane of a quarter of a century ago.

The consequence is that early pilots used to fight in sort of hand-to-hand manner compared with the comparatively distant circling of today. I am speaking here of single-seat fighter duel and of attacks on bombers which are done today at just as great a range as they used to be.

## B.O.A.

**B**EFORE the intricate even the arguments between Government and British Overseas Airways I feel awed incapable of free comment. The financial side of flying always eluded me. I am fully ignorant of the names of shareholders and of the financial background of the various companies.

And finance seems always to come into the picture. So that it was left largely to the financial people to make free and useful comment on the events and the Government White Paper which disclosed them.

The only non-financial aspect I could get a measure of was that the directors of B.O.A. seemed to have a measure of control over the long, straight routes, whereas the Secretary of State for Air seemed to have the whole responsibility for these routes, rest with the Transport Command of the R.A.F.

It certainly was an anomaly that British Overseas Airways should remain in being, working as part of the Transport Command, yet without the responsibilities related to its work. Probably the right solution would have been to take in B.O.A. into the T.C.

Eventually it looks as if air transport will go to another ministry and be taken out of the Transport Command. I do not wholly like the idea. It is difficult to see how it can be avoided. At the rate no such change is likely until after the war. Meanwhile the only thing that matters is to work our strategical air carrying as rapidly as possible.

## The common heritage



**B**EHIND the success of such cars as "Morris", "Wolseley", "M.G." and "Riley" lies the groundwork of sound engineering practice. The companies which produced them now constitute The Nuffield Organization. To the pooling of their technical knowledge and facilities has been

added, in the last few years, a greatly diversified engineering experience.

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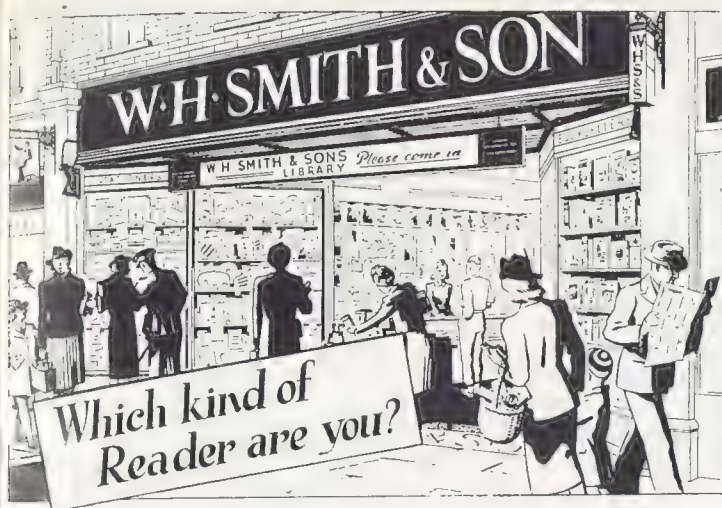
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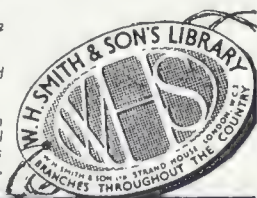
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By next month most of our men in enemy prison camps will have spent THREE YEARS in captivity, and they are suffering badly from the strain and monotony of prolonged confinement. We beg all readers of THE TATLER to help us in our work of cheering these men. Each parcel we send is individually packed and addressed, and will give enormous pleasure to some lonely prisoner who might otherwise be overlooked. £5 will send regular parcels and cigarettes for a year—larger sums proportionately.

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# BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

## Stories from Everywhere

A SMALL-PART actor used to haunt his agent's office, saying: "Anythin' doin' for me today, Ted?" and Ted would answer: "Sorry, Charlie, nothin' doin'."

As the weeks went by words became superfluous. Charlie would look in, lift his eyebrows inquiringly, and Ted would shake his head.

This went on for years. Then one day Charlie broke silence. He strode in saying: "Oh, by the way, Ted, don't book me for any job during the next fortnight. I've decided to take a holiday."

IN a railway carriage a countrywoman asked: "Will you tell me, miss, which is the return ticket?"

Her fellow traveller handed her the return ticket, and she threw it out of the window.

"Why did you do that?" asked the other.

"I'm not going back."

"Then why did you take a return?"

"They told me it was cheaper."

A SMALL group of urchins were hanging on to the back of a lorry. The driver kept holding up the traffic by climbing down from his seat to chase them away. But as soon as he was up again they came back.

The driver of the bus behind lost patience at last, and yelled out:—

"For the love of Mike, mate, leave the kids alone. I'm behind on my schedule time already!"

"That's right, mister," shrieked one of the culprits, "you tick 'im orf! We 'ave this trouble wiv 'im every morning!"



*Ships of Yesterday*

A model of the *Golden Hind* has been constructed entirely by hand by Commander E. Sowter, R.N., and is now being exhibited in aid of the Red Cross. The model took fourteen months to complete and was built during the night watches while Commander Sowter was on duty awaiting the expected enemy raids on this country. Her length is 28 inches, height 24 inches, beam 6½ inches

A GOLFER was playing badly, and the caddie made him play worse. He was one of those long-faced caddies with a contemptuous look.

"Really," said the player at last, "I think you must be the worst caddie in the world."

"Och, no!" replied the caddie, "that would be too much of a coincidence!"

THERE are a number of good stories in *Middle East Window*, a volume of reminiscences by Mr. Humphrey Bowman, which was recently published.

Sir Ronald Storrs writes the introduction and figures in the book. Mr. Bowman tells how someone described late arrivals at the theatre as "villains who stumble to their seats over a bridge of thighs."

"Yes," said Sir Ronald, "hips that pass in the night."

"I SEE you have a sign in your shop 'We aim to please,'" remarked the customer.

"That's right, sir," replied the shopkeeper, "that is our motto."

"Well," said the customer, "you ought to take little time off for target practice."

SIR SEYMOUR HICKS, the famous actor, in his book *Vintage Years* (Cassell), tells some very amusing stories, of which two are the following:—

Phil May, the artist, used to tell of a visit to an ancient church where, alone before the altar, he leant on the gold ornaments of the rails, admiring the stained-glass windows.

"Sir," said the verger approaching, "you must take your hands off those gold globes, they are holy."

"How do you mean, holy?" asked Phil.

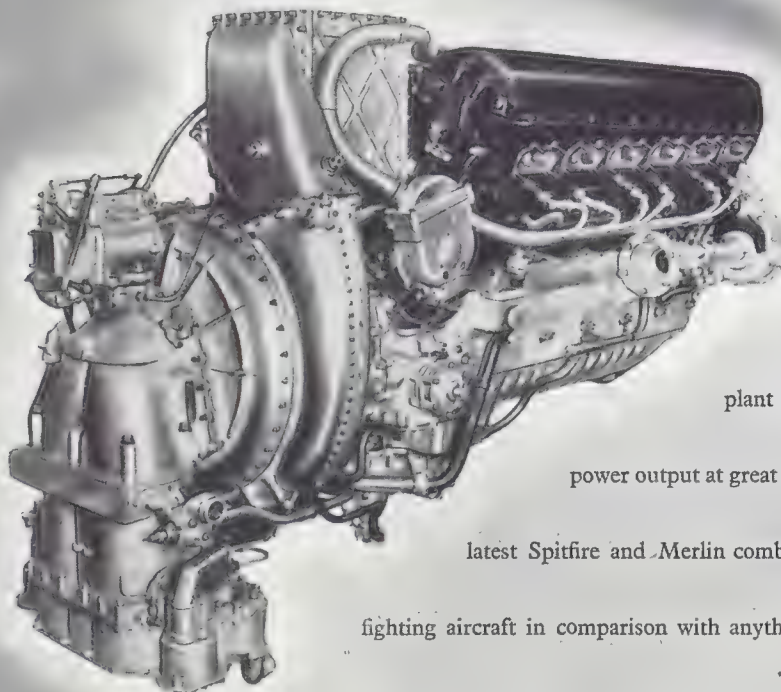
"Well, sir, last Sunday there was a confirmation service held here, and the Bishop who conducted it was short-sighted, in fact, so short-sighted, sir, that he mistook these globes for two bald heads and confirmed them both."

THE police surgeon was examining a woman who had been brought to the station with a wounded wrist.

"I don't understand this," he said. "It's too big for a dog's bite and too small for a horse's."

"That's all right," replied the patient, cheerfully. "It was another lady."

SAVE PAPER. THE URGENT NEED INCREASES DAILY



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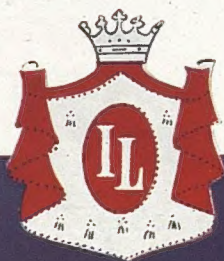
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